THE PLANET

SATURDAY ..... MAY 14, 1904.

SPRINGTIME.

Once more, thank God! once more,
Sweet skies of sunlit blue
Shine on a world that thrilled anew
Is glad from ocean shore to shore.

The blithe song sparrow on the bush,
In joyful bursts of song
Proclaims how springtime, looked for long,
Has come our sallow cheeks to flush.

The robin pipes, the bluebird lifts
A voice on every tree—
Warbling his minor love-notes three,
He, too, is one of Spring's first gifts.

The buds upon the maple swell,
The chestnut and the elm,
Awake in every woodland realm,
Their dreams to one another tell.

Even the fir, the somber fir,
That makes not haste her joy to show,
Has heard the voice of Spring, and lo!
New life in her begins to stir.

And in the sweetly-smelling woods,
The little sisters of the Spring,
Newly awake, are listening
To the swift-bursting of the buds.

The noisy brooks all joyous flow,
And gladly now our eyes discern
The tuft of grass, the fronded fern,
And all that greener hastes to grow.

We, too, feel through our pulses run
Something akin to that which fills
The flower-stems on the many hills,
And glad we turn us to the sun.

God's springtime! Oh, the joy divine
Of being in the green world now,
Alive to see, and harken how
Loud pipes the thrasher on the pine!
—Moses Teggart, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Way to Mamma's Heart

By BELLE MANIATES

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MAURICE CRAMER sat before the piano in his studio, his fingers wandering in harmonious random over the keys. Though passionately fond of music, the giving of lessons to untutored voices had come to be drudgery to him, save in one instance—to the pupil whose coming he now awaited. He heard her step in the corridor. Instantly he ceased playing and opened the door to admit Christine Vaughn—a girl as fair and fresh as a summer morning.

"Where is your music?" he asked after a moment's conversation.

"I haven't come to take a lesson," she replied, a shadow coming into her young eyes. "I have come to bid you a long farewell. Mamma and I leave for Paris to-night."

"To-night!" he repeated, vaguely, forcing a calm constraint to cover his overwhelming surprise. "Isn't it a very sudden journey?"

"Yes; mamma hasn't been feeling well of late, and the doctor ordered an ocean trip. She learned a day or two ago that some friends of ours in Boston were to sail to-night and so we made arrangements to accompany them. We are quite rushed in getting ready on so short notice. Mamma doesn't even know I am here," she added, naively. "I slipped away to tell you. I shall miss our lessons—"

"So shall I," he replied in a calm, even voice, but with painfully throbbing heart.

There followed a little desultory conversation in regard to her trip, a half agreement to correspond and then Christine left the studio.

At the age of 18, Christine Vaughn, though frank and impulsive, was fully matured in character. She did not belong to that class of mollusks so frequent among girls whose nature depend upon time and circumstances for development. Although, not possessed of genius or more than ordinary talent, she was a lover of music. Perhaps just at this time her devotion at its shrine received an impetus from the fact that she was greatly interested in her teacher.

Maurice Cramer, impassive, cool and forceful, was just the sort of man to appeal to her proud and impetuous nature. She had reached that point in her attachment for him which was on the verge of ground marked "dangerous," and was so dimly aware of the fact that when the silent but strong hand of her mother intervened and snatched her away, she scarcely realized where she had been.

Mrs. Vaughn was a wise and subtle woman and well understood her daughter. When she saw the tendency of Christine's thoughts and Cramer's attentions, she offered no opposition seemingly. She allowed the singing lessons to continue and was most gracious and courteous to her daughter's instructor when he came to the house. Had she shown the slightest objection to the intimacy, she knew that Christine would be his warmest champion, so she systematically treated him as she did any ordinary caller.

Cramer was equally wise. He clearly understood that Mrs. Vaughn did not include him in the horoscope she had cast for her daughter's future. He was far too proud to fan these passing sparks of Christine's preference for him into a glowing flame, as he could easily have done. Knowing that in the mother's eyes he was an inferior who would show marked presumption in aspiring to be anything more to her daughter than her "teacher of voice," he took infinite pains to maintain a dignity and coldness of demeanor he was far from feeling. He dared not hope that Christine loved him. Her fancy for him he thought to be the first passing impulse of an untrained heart, "the primrose that fell to make way for the rose."

Mrs. Vaughn, though understanding his attitude, knew the danger of trusting to the strength of pride which so often totters at the touch of love. She consulted her brother, Gen. Laurent, who was her adviser when she needed one. He appreciated the position and the necessity for immediate action.

"Julia," he said, impressively, "as a military man, I should say there is nothing so effective as 'removal' from station.' There is danger in propinquity and opportunity. Make occasion for a prolonged trip abroad."

It was no difficult matter for Mrs. Vaughn to convince her physician that an ocean voyage was essential to her state of health. Christine, though bewildered at the suddenness of the journey, saw no hidden motive. They would be gone but a year, and perhaps an absence would bring Maurice to a realization of the pleasure he took in her society, in talking to her and cultivating her voice. In all their discussions on different subjects they experienced mutual interest, but their discussions had never touched upon personal topics, nor had he sought to interest her in himself.

She had come to his studio that morning to bid him adieu, vaguely hoping that something—she knew not what—might happen; nothing did, and she half expected to see him at board ship, but she found a box of flowers and a polite little note wishing her a bon voyage.

She enjoyed life in Paris to the full, but was quite ready to return home at the end of the year which was the proposed expiration of their trip. As the others in their party wished to continue their travels, another year found them still abroad.

These two years had not been idle ones with Maurice Cramer. He had finished the composition of an opera that had been a life work with him and it had been successfully put on the stage. The hit was tremenduous and he had now found himself the lion of New York drawing rooms, a position he coveted with only one object in view.

It was with mingled sensations that he received a note from Christine one morning announcing their return and saying that she would be at the studio at her old lesson hour, which he had kept sacred to her memory.

At the appointed hour she entered. As he heard the well-remembered knock and the opening of the door, he turned and rose with outstretched hand. Her

AT THE APPOINTED HOUR SHE ENTERED.

face was slightly flushed, but the dark eyes looked into his, searchingly, perhaps, but with the old expression of frank kindness.

He stood silent, unconscious that he still held her hand. She was like and yet so unlike the Christine of two years ago. A beautiful, striking-looking woman with complexion of the dawn, clear and delicate; her hair of golden hue, her eyes deep and dark.

The first slight constraint so often felt in the renewal of an intimacy soon disappeared. They talked of many things, reviewing other days, speaking of her travels and her coming plans. He felt her presence leaping like wine to his brain as they talked. Finally he asked her to sing to him.

"You can't criticise my method," she said, turning over the scattered music for a selection, "for I am the victim of many methods. Every place we visited meant a new master—every master a new method. I think I was introduced into the mysteries of all but one. I missed the signor in Florence who required his pupils to recline at full length while singing. His theory was that people breathed correctly only when in that position."

"Please don't sing," he said with a shudder. "I don't want to hear such a cosmopolitan production as your voice will be capable of."

"It isn't so bad. You see I only followed their instructions during my lessons. At home in my pricatice I was loyal to my teacher at home and sang as he had taught me."

He was about to commence the accompaniment to her song when there was a knock at the door, which Maurice answered. When he returned to the piano, he brought a note upon which Christine's eyes fell carelessly; then, recognizing the stationery and crest, she exclaimed:

"Why! Isn't that mamma's writing?"

"Yes;" he replied, his eyes shining with triumph and something else, "she has invited me to dine at your house to-night."

Christine's eyes sparkled.

"Mamma went daffy over music and musical celebrities while she was away. When we heard of the triumph you had scored I knew you had found the way to her heart."

"Christine, the way to her heart is but a secondary consideration to me. Its the way to your heart I want to find. Dear, I loved you ever since I gave you your first lesson."

"Maurice," she said, softly, "you found the way to my heart even then."

Age of Utility.

According to the director of the mint the coins of Greece in the fourth century B. C. are regarded as more beautiful than any made to-day. Why cannot we have as beautiful coins? Because we desire "low relief," that is, figures which will not come out higher than the edges, so that our coins will stack. Moreover, the modern coin loses less by abrasion than the ancient. Thus the interests of beauty and utility stand in conflict, and this is a practical age.

In Leap Year.

Hopeless Widower—Nothing can mend a broken heart.

Hopeful Widow—Except re-pairing.—Judge.

TRIED TO BRACE UP.

SAD FATE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN CHICAGO.

Tramp Played Part with His Ragged Coat All Right, But the Lady, Afraid of Deadly Microbes, Flunked.

William E. Eagan, alias Reading Bill, read the story of Sir Walter Raleigh and his famous cloak the other afternoon and he was kicked and threatened with arrest and probably contracted pneumonia as a result.

Reading Bill's beat extends along Michigan boulevard from Jackson boulevard south to Harrison street, Chicago. He was patrolling it in the early afternoon when a woman, who looked as if she might be sympathetic, came along.

"Jest a dime, fair lady," began Reading Bill, and there was genuine hunger in his voice. "Maybe w'en I gits prosperous I'll meet you at Newport and pay you back."

There was hope in his voice, for the lady was fumbling in her shopping bag.

"Here; take this and learn what stuff heroes are made of," said the woman, and she gave Reading Bill a book.

It was almost as good as money to the tramp, for he is a litterateur. He darted into an alley, and a few minutes later was reading of Walter Raleigh and his cloak.

It was toward evening when he again appeared on the boulevard. Then he met Red Face Mike.

"Well, Red Face, you hungry?" asked Reading Bill.

"Ain't heard of no miracles bein' performed lately, has you?" returned Red Face.

"Well, you just come with me and in three hours we will be dinin' on the fat of the land, as the newspapers say," said Reading Bill, and the two hoboes disappeared.

The Chicago Inter Ocean says they were in front of the Auditorium theater at eight o'clock. It was the grand opera season, and the fashionable people arrive at that hour in Chicago.

"In ten minutes I'll be a hero," said Reading Bill, as he stationed himself near the entrance.

Carriages were arriving at the rate of ten a minute, but a hundred had passed

"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST."

when Red Face Mike felt a tug at his sleeve.

"Now, watch me," said Reading Bill, as he sprang forward.

At the curb stood a swell equipage. A man who looked as if prosperity and he were old friends had just alighted. Upon the step stood a woman, and the diamonds at her throat represented a fortune.

"I'll certainly spoil my dress," she said, as she pointed at the pool of water.

It was Reading Bill's cue.

"Permit me, lady," and his ragged coat had spread over the water. "Step upon this poor garment and tread your way to safety," and his hat was in his left hand while his right was folded over his breast.

"Murder!" shrieked the woman. "See the microbes on his coat! enough to kill an army," and she would have fallen had not the strong arm of her escort supported her.

"Wretch! What mean you by addressing a lady whom you have never met?" and the right foot of the escort assisted the unhappy tramp litterateur to reach the middle of the street.

"You're under arrest," said a bluecoat, as he caught poor Reading Bill by the trousers. "Why don't you brace up and behave?"

"Mister, I tried to brace up and be a hero," and there was conviction in his voice; "but people don't seem to care for heroes no more."

And sadly, he went to jail.

Left $2,000 to His Horse.

A strange case of the affection a man may have for a dumb brute came to light at St. Louis when the will of Dr. John Gilwee was probated. The first clause of the instrument provided for a trust fund of $2,000, to be held in the name of a faithful old horse, Tony, which had served the physician continuously for nearly 23 years. The clause in the will was as follows: "In case that my horse, Tony, which I have used for nearly 23 years, survives me, I order that $2,000 of my estate be placed in trust at six per cent. per annum, and said interest used for his food, shelter and care so long as he lives, and after his death said $2,000 shall be divided among my legal heirs."

Girls in a Sandbag Duel.

Two young women in Paris quarreled about a young man whom they both admired. They agreed to fight a duel. Meeting by appointment in a lonely park, at night, each took off a stocking and filled it with stand. Then they began to slash each other. One of the young women was so severely hurt that she had to be taken to a hospital.

Made Himself Disliked.

"It seems to me that you can be depended on to say the wrong thing more than any other man that I know."

"What have I done?"

"Insulted the Bliggins family."

"Why, I tried to compliment them."

"You said that their baby, who hasn't any hair, looked exactly like its father."

"Yes?"

"Well, Bliggins is insulted on his own account, and his wife is insulted on behalf of the baby."—Tit-Bits.

The Servant Problem.

Mrs. De Vissitte—What! Worrying still over not having a servant girl?

Mrs. De Vissitee—Oh, then she is a bad have one now.

Mrs. De Vissitte—Oh, then she is a bad one, eh?

Mrs. De Stickatome—No, indeed. On the contrary, she is such a good one that I am scared to death for fear of losing her.—Baltimore American.

Conflicting Testimony.

"Say, give me a synonym for 'expert,' will you?" said the court reporter, nibbling his pen.

"What are you writing about?" asked the other.

"Expert testimony."

"Oh! the word 'conflicting' amounts to the same thing."—Philadelphia Press.

Just What Papa Wanted.

"But, papa," wailed the young woman, "you can have no idea how he loves me. He is willing to die for me this very minute."

"Well," said the old man, scratching his head, thoughtfully, "I don't know as I have any objection to that. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."—Tit-Bits.

Personal Experience.

"The taste for classical music is something that comes with time and cultivation."

"That's right," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "I've noticed that some of these grand operas don't sound near as bad as they did at first."—Washington Star.

What's the Use.

Teacher—Thomas, mention a few of the proofs that the earth is round, like an orange.

Tommy Tucker (who has been playing truant)—I didn't know we had to have any proofs, ma'am. I thought everybody admitted it.—Chicago Tribune.

Force of Habit.

"Tell me," she asked, after she had accepted him, "am I really your first and only love?"

"Well—er—no, dear," replied the drug-clerk, "but you are something just as good."—Philadelphia Press.

Something Missing.

One day three-year-old Margie was passing through the market with her mother, and seeing a strange-looking object, she asked what it was.

"Why, my dear, that's a head of cabbage," replied her mother.

"Zen where's its mouf an' eyeses?" asked the puzzled little miss.—Cincinnati Enquirer.